

insert baseball pun here by hoppnhorn

Series: [Kinktober \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

He's considering taking up smoking again if it keeps him from trying to pick up Steve in the middle of the office. That's really the last thing that he needs to do, start fucking around with someone he works with. He had sex with a coworker one time back in college when he worked at some shitty deli and that had devolved into his manhood being threatened with a meat slicer.

So.

He's tried to avoid *that* for the rest of his life.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

- For [Niallnailme](#).

aka Billy wants that dick

for my darling [Lauralee](#). I hope this makes you smile, my love.

and many apologies to [Janna](#) for texting you about dick kid. thank you for getting my thirsty ass to actually finish this.

It's *driving him insane*.

The new guy in the office is nothing more than a glorified temp, which is funny seeing as he's about the same age as Billy and yet he's running around fetching coffee when Billy is the one taking meetings. It's silly, he shouldn't even be on Billy's radar. He's nobody, in the grand scheme of things. Just another body in a cube, taking up space on a floor full of suits.

Listening to AC/DC on his phone loud enough that Billy can hear from the next cube down. The guy's headphones must be from like, 2002. They're *bleeding* sound while Billy is trying to actually get some work done.

Anyway.

He's been sitting next to the guy for about, two weeks, and he's already fucking obsessed.

That's *saying* something. He's not really the type to fixate on something as simple as a pretty face. But, well, he's fucking *fixated*. Laser-targeted, really.

Locked on to, specifically, the guy's *massive* cock.

How does he know? He isn't a psychic or anything. He hasn't *stalked* him and taken a peek in the urinals because that's a level of

desperate that he's *never* going to reach.

He'll die before he hits on a dude while he's taking a piss.

No, he knows the temp is hung because he's seen the way the guy has to freaking *shuffle* shit around in his slacks when he gets back from the bathroom and it has Billy's mouth freaking *watering*.

The new guy is definitely packing some kind of Goliath in there. And Billy hasn't had decent sex in like, almost a year. The pickings at his favorite gay bar keep getting younger and younger and the sex gets worse and worse.

Like, if he wanted to get a sloppy hand job and some super porny sex, he would have stayed in college.

He's almost thirty. It's time to graduate to the major leagues.

And the new guy, *Steve*, has a bat in his pants.

Here, batter batter.

From what he overhears and what he *sees*, Steve is single. And only working as a business croney because he dropped out of business school. Which, Billy thinks is pretty fucking *stupid*. He doesn't look the right age to have *just* dropped out of college but then he sees Steve's handwriting and it makes sense.

It looks like something a kindergartener would sneer at: a complete mess.

But then he shows up to work wearing a fucking *Armani* suit and Billy about chokes on the mouthful of coffee halfway down his throat.

How a college *dropout* can afford a suit worth at least four months of rent -- and that's Billy's tiny-ass, early 90's broom closet, not some fucking exposed-brick, modern industrial bullshit -- is a complete mystery. The kid can *wear* a suit though. The thing is *tailored* and it makes Billy want to gouge his own eyes out because he can't fucking *think* around it.

And then he comes out of the bathroom and does the *thing*.

The thing that he does, fidgeting with his sleeves, then he puts his cock down his right leg -- Billy supposes he thinks he's being *discreet* but there's no missing it. Not when you're *watching* anyway.

Billy is turning into a complete animal. *The images* in his head.

He's had *dreams* even. Which has sad and pathetic just written all over it.

But they're some of the best dreams he's had in a while. Nothing like when he was a teenager and everything was just a blind haze of lust mixed with porn and some celebrities. No, this is sharper, clearer somehow. He can feel the rug burning his knees as he swallows Steve's massive cock, holds his throat open so the guy can thrust further until Billy is just drowning in him. Spit all over his chin and lips.

He wakes up so goddamn hard that he doesn't even have to work for it. Just a little teasing and he's making a mess.

It's great shit.

In *theory*.

But when he shows up to work and Steve looks just as edible as the day before, hair perfectly styled and his smile so fucking *wide*, Billy wants to call in sick. Spend the whole day getting the new, idiotic temp out of his dumb fantasies.

So that's how he's wound up here, half crazy over the new guy.

He's considering taking up smoking again if it keeps him from trying to pick up Steve in the middle of the office. That's really the last thing that he needs to do, start fucking around with someone he works with. He had sex with a coworker one time back in college when he worked at some shitty deli and that had devolved into his manhood being threatened with a meat slicer.

So.

He's tried to avoid *that* for the rest of his life.

But Steve is wearing a charcoal suit, cut so damn trim in the crotch that Billy about groaned when he saw the guy show up that morning.

Of course, the dork has already ditched the jacket over the back of his chair, even though the thing does him eighteen sorts of favors in the shoulder region. But Billy isn't exactly hating the way he's rolled up his dress shirt to the elbows *either*.

But one thing rings universal: Steve wears the fuck out of those damn pants.

They're tight enough that there's no way he's wearing traditional boxers. So, of course, that means Billy is left tormented with images of Steve's gorgeous ass in a pair of tight, black boxer briefs that cup his enormous cock in the front.

Obviously they don't tame the beast, because when Steve stands to head to the bathroom at a quarter after ten, Billy watches him adjust before he goes.

And he feels himself getting up before he comes to the realization that he's *following*.

For a hot minute, he considers sitting his dumb ass right back down and burying himself in work but then something inside of his black, little soul begs for him to just *do it already*.

So he follows. At a distance, because he's not a freaking *creep*, despite the fact that he's definitely following someone into the bathroom so he can, fuck, *hit on them*.

He's officially a piece of shit.

Yet it doesn't stop him. He watches Steve slip passed the heavy door, letting it swing back and forth behind him before Billy nears. Braces his palm against the paint as he thinks about *what the actual fuck* he's doing before he throws the thought aside and just plows inside.

Steve's standing at one of the urinals and Billy picks a urinal one down -- not *right* next to the guy because he's not that big of a freak

and really not sure what he's going to do. He's still formulating when he hears, "Hey."

He looks up too fast, like he didn't know he was there? Of course he did. He knows his reaction gives him away because he's all wide eyes and hesitant *hey* until Steve looks away. Goes back to, well, *pissing*.

There must be something wrong with him because even *that* seems to be doing things for him. Just the *sound* of his steady stream hitting the porcelain and Billy is chewing the inside of his cheek. Praying he doesn't start to blush like some kind of dork.

He's not *like* this. He's not the one that chases, he's the one that is *chased*. Literally, he walks into any club and he's got offers for sex before he can get a *drink* ordered. Billy doesn't have to work for it. Never has. But *this* feels like uncharted territory because *clearly* he's going to have to say *something* for this guy to get the inkling that he even likes him.

Steve finishes suddenly and the room goes quiet as Billy does the same. He hadn't really needed to go in the first place but he can always manage a little bit when he needs a mental health break from work but now he's standing there holding his dick watching the subject of his desire zip up and flush.

And then Steve reaches down and adjusts, makes a face.

"New pants?" Billy blurts without even *thinking* and Steve looks up, sees him watching and smiles. Friendly, genuine.

Billy totally *hates* how cute he is.

"Nah, just...um. Weird fit."

In reality, there's nothing *weird* about the fit. Billy's been to tailors and the slacks on Steve's slender hips are *perfectly* fitted. There's nothing out of place except that he can't seem to figure out where to put his dick.

"Fuck." Steve murmurs before he finally slaps his hands on his thighs, turns towards Billy so he can get a *better* view of the substantial strain he's putting on the fly, and sighs. "Does it look okay?"

It.

"You mean, can I still see your dick?" Billy asks with a grin, meeting Steve's eyes. And, damn him, the guy blushes.

"Shit."

"Congratulations, by the way." Billy adds, because he literally can't *help himself* as he zips his fly. Turns to walk to the sink. Steve follows, sorta, fiddling with his pants.

"I've just...gained a few pounds and now these fit all stupid." He sighs again and Billy catches a glimpse of him in the mirror, rubbing his face with this look of utter *exhaustion*. "Shit, I look like a fucking idiot."

"Not from where I'm standing." Billy says nonchalantly, smiling. Like he *does* this sort of thing all the time. Telling dudes their junk looks good in their slacks while they're standing in the bathroom.

Ugh.

"Really?" Steve all out *cups* himself and Billy wants to fall to his knees right then and there, open his mouth and beg like the eager slut he is.

It's *pathetic* how this temp has him by the short and curlies and probably doesn't even know his goddamn *name*. Or at least Billy doesn't think he does.

"It doesn't look...I don't know...inappropriate?" Steve tries. Moves his cock around again and Billy closes his eyes as he dries his hands. Tries not to let out a groan of fucking *agony*.

Steve's dick is, without a doubt, the biggest Billy has had the pleasure of meeting personally. From what he can see, and he can see *quite a bit*, his length is his only half of the fun. The other half is the exceptional girth on a man who doesn't seem *girthy* in any other sense of the word.

No, his cock is definitely a surprise. Like the twink porn stars that are walking around with hammers.

Billy feels like he's won the lottery and he hasn't even *won* yet.

"I mean, if you have a girlfriend, she might get jealous." Billy settles on that. Because, yeah, he just assumes someone who looks like Steve must be as straight as they come because he's not *that* lucky. The man is too stereotypically cute. Big smile. Pretty eyes.

Steve wrinkles his nose, an adorable little smirk showing up on his face. "Because of your wandering eyes?"

And, well, that gives Billy all kinds of hope. Especially when Steve seems to focus on him, eyes tracking Billy's nervous swallow. He looks downright *gleeful* in his entrapment.

So Billy is dangerously optimistic when he says, "Well, yeah." The cocky bastard inside him flexes. "Hard not to look, honestly."

And Steve isn't really trying to hide himself anymore. His hands are in his pockets, which only works to make the bulge at the front of his pants even *more* pronounced. Billy can't tell if he's hard in those slacks, or if he's just that *big*, which has him positively drooling.

Yet there's an edge to his desire. He's not at a club, surrounded by sluts on E who'd whip out their cocks at Billy's command. This is *work*. The place with rules about harassment and unwanted sexual advances.

But there's nothing in Steve's body language that suggests Billy's attention is unwanted. In fact, the way his eyes glitter says the opposite. They say *come closer*.

So he takes a step, licks his lip. And something in Steve's expression shifts, goes dark with desire.

"Then look."

That's an invitation if Billy's ever heard one. In a moment, confidence wells up in his stomach and he closes the gap between them. Like an animal, he pounces, one hand bracing the side of Steve's neck as he backs him into a tiled wall and *takes*.

Pressing his tongue between Steve's pliant, pink lips is easily the

sweetest thing he's tasted all week. A kiss is just a kiss, but the word doesn't seem to *fit* what Billy feels against his mouth. The way Steve moans and licks at his tongue has Billy humming with pleasure. He dives headlong into the delicious heat of Steve's mouth, using his tongue to dominate and tease.

Really, Steve is one of the best kissers he's met in a while. He feels like a man returning to shore after being at sea for years, stepping on land and rejoicing at having something *solid* under his feet.

Steve is *solid*. Under his slim cut Armani and big, fluffy hair, he's got a body that Billy hadn't anticipated. His chest is firm and his arms are strong, wrapping around Billy's waist. Pulling him closer until their hips meet and Billy lets out a small grunt.

That cock is against his thigh and he can feel how hard it is, how *warm*, through his pant leg. He shifts them on the wall to get a hand between their bodies, fingers seeking blindly as they kiss each other breathless.

When the pads of his fingers slide over the pronounced ridge of Steve's cock, they both gasp. And Billy pulls away to look down, to *watch* himself stroke the length of it to the blunt head.

"God, you're so *big*." He moans aloud, pressing harder to elicit a hiss from between Steve's teeth. "I want my mouth on you."

And, well, the *blush* that breaks out over Steve's face and neck is freaking *hot*.

"Please. Oh fuck, *please*." He squirms under Billy's touch, back writhing on the wall.

"Not here." Billy takes a step back as he tries to reign in his control. His pulse is off the charts and his own arousal is kicking in his slacks. If this were a club, he wouldn't hesitate. He'd have pretty Steve shoved in a stall and he'd be on his knees on a nasty bathroom floor to get at the cobra in those Armani pants. But, again, *not* a club.

The *office*.

Cold reality splashes over him and he straightens his tie, catching his

breath.

“You free after lunch?”

Because, seriously, Billy wants a solid hour with him if he can. He’d book a goddamn conference room if that was something that *wouldn’t* get him fired in about 2.5 seconds.

But he likes his job. He gets paid good money for his job, so he puts his libido aside for a fraction of a second to figure out how soon he can get Steve and his disco stick into the back of his car. Even though the parking garage is *technically* part of the office, he figures it’s fucking *close enough*.

The pretty temp nods his head, breathless, and grins like a freaking goober and *fuck* it does things for Billy. Makes him want to kiss him again.

So he does. He crowds him up against the wall and grinds their hips together as he catches his mouth in a kiss. Softer this time, more tasting instead of taking. He lets his mouth linger, nibbles and licks at Steve’s plush bottom lip.

“Keep your afternoon clear.” He growls against that pretty, open mouth and pushes away, strides out of the bathroom before he goes back on his word and devours Steve then and there.

Keep your afternoon clear. Like he’s going to do *anything* after a kiss like that? He can barely remember his password when he tries to log into his computer. Fucks it up three times before he finally calms himself down enough to get his *shit* together. To remember he’s only been in the office an hour or so and he has to get through the rest of the morning before it even approaches the afternoon.

But he can’t really stop *grinning* to himself because, shit, it’d *worked*.

His stupid, devious little plan -- the one he’d figured was a game he was only playing with *himself* -- had actually *goddamn* worked. On

Billy Hargrove. The hottest man in the entire office.

And, honestly, there's a reason Steve had tried so hard. Ever since the moment he'd taken the dead end job doing temp work to cover his *demented* phone bills, he'd noticed Billy.

It's hard *not* to notice someone who belongs on the cover of GQ and dresses like he *knows* it. The guy oozes confidence and never looks a hair out of place. He flirts with practically anything that moves -- all the married women *love* him and secretly want him for *themselves* despite numerous attempts to set him up with their *friends*.

Billy is a freaking *catch*. Hotter than God and just *cocky* about it. But somehow not an asshole? If that's possible.

He's weirdly approachable, though Steve hasn't been able to spit out more than three words around the guy without biting his own tongue because he sounds like an *idiot*. Like the one time he'd told an entire story about his roommate from school only to wind up with the dreaded question: *what year did you graduate?*

Of course, Billy hadn't *asked* that because Steve doesn't talk to Billy. But Billy had been filling a mug full of high-test coffee no more than three feet away when Steve had owned up to the fact that he hadn't *actually* graduated from college.

Not for lack of *trying*. But after falling into one of the worst depressions of his life, he figured *maybe* he wasn't on the right career path.

Business is fine, but it's not for him. Especially not the kind of business his dad wants him to take over. The administrative, meeting after meeting kind of business where nothing gets done but people spend hours and make millions doing nothing.

No, Steve *can't* be that person. He *won't*.

So he'd dropped out of school and taken this shitty job to try and pay his bills while he secretly enrolled in the police academy. Thanks to Hopper, he has a decent shot at actually getting into the thing, despite his high school GPA leaving something to be desired. Thanks

to Hopper, he knows what it's like to be a man of action. Someone who protects people and, as corny as it sounds, serve. Protect and serve.

But until he can actually start training, until he can get his ass in an actual cadet uniform, he's stuck playing the office game.

Which, in that moment, doesn't seem so bad.

Not when his entire consciousness is focused on the fact that he is still *very* aroused and Billy is sitting within earshot and smells like sex with his stupid expensive cologne and fancy hair products. The guy is by definitely *alluring* and Steve is expected to just *sit there*? All day long?

Waiting for the moment where Billy Hargrove decides when and where he gets to devour him?

Talk about *distracting*.

If he's not careful, he's going to lock himself out of his computer and have to walk his happy ass down to the IT department to get it unlocked again. All the while, sporting a half chub that's making him fucking crazy.

And, yeah, his pants are a little too small. They're from his senior year of high school and like, he's put on some weight. Most people do, really. When he can't afford to eat the healthy shit his parents used to stock the fridge with and pizza rolls have coupons in the ads almost every week?

Yeah, he put on a little pudge.

Weirdly enough, it all seemed to wind up in his ass. Which, in turn, had made his pants fit *snug* around his hips and thighs and *what do you know*. His cock stands out like a sore thumb.

It's always stood out, if he's being honest. Not even *bragging*. He's packing heat and he's not exactly ashamed of it. Hell, he used to parade around the locker room with his dick swinging, just so the bigger, meatier jocks would throw compliments his way. There's a reason they called him *King Steve*.

But showing off his god-given gifts at the office hadn't been intentional.

At first.

The first time he'd noticed Billy's gaze, he'd almost been sure he'd made it up. Or the guy just happened to be glancing over when he'd stood up or something along those lines. An accidental cock stare.

But then it'd happened again.

And Steve had started an experiment. He'd worn tighter pants, stood up and stretched on occasion and tracked the way Billy's eyes had strayed below his belt. The way the guy's bottom lip would wind up caught in his teeth as he chewed with intent. Like he was biting back the impulse to groan. Maybe.

In reality, up until the morning, Steve would have called his little game a fantasy. Something made up in his own head. But then Billy had followed him and their small conversation in the bathroom had turned into something straight out of a scenario in Steve's spank bank.

And now he's waiting. Checking the little clock on his fitbit every ten seconds. Wishing he could skip to the part of the afternoon where Billy shows up at his desk and orders him to follow.

He somehow manages to sign into his stupid PC, spends a solid beat checking the bullshit group emails that he doesn't *care* about, only to see that barely a minute has passed. Then he sees it, the little notification that pops up on his Slack profile.

A message, from B. Hargrove.

You know where the Yukon conference room is?

Steve feels like an idiot when he quickly types back.

No? Is that the one by the vending machines?

Billy, thank god, doesn't make him wait before there's a notification that Billy is typing. And typing.

No, the one with the keycard entry. Second floor.

Steve chews on his lip, nods like Billy is watching him, even though he knows the guy is too smooth for that.

Definitely too smooth for that.

Oh okay, yeah. I know it.

Billy responds quickly.

I have a meeting until 2. I'd like to talk to you afterwards.

And *yeah* he can read between the lines. He's not an *idiot*, he knows that Billy would be sending him eggplant emojis with raindrops if this were a private conversation but this is *corporate* and nothing is private.

Not *really*.

So he plays along, holds his breath a little to try and quell the excitement. That's like four hours away and he can't sit there thinking about meeting him the entire day. He won't last a second in a kiss if he does.

Sure.

He thinks that sounds casual enough. Cool. Like he's not *desperate* like he definitely feels.

Look forward to it.

Two o'clock arrives faster than Steve had ever expected. Fast enough that he's scrambling to check his hair in a bathroom mirror. Chew a quick piece of gum and like, sniff every part of his body to make sure he doesn't smell like nervous sweats. Because he's *nervous*, which is stupid. Their attraction is mutual and he's really quite good at sex in general. But there's a difference between spontaneously making out

with a guy in the bathroom and *meeting* him for a quickie somewhere.

Big difference.

So he's freaking palms are clammy when he makes his way to the second floor. Reads the stupid little plaques outside every conference room like an idiot as he searches for a "Yukon" until he turns a corner and sees Billy just standing there. Grinning at him.

Leaning against a wall with his lip in his teeth.

"Hey." Billy calls down the hallway. Almost *smug* with the way his mouth keeps curling at the corner. Steve walks to meet him, shoving his hands in his pockets as he puts on his best attempt at a casual grin. But there's nothing casual about the way he's already hardening in his pants.

"Hey."

"Have a minute?" The guys steps back and opens a door, unmarked and definitely *not* a conference room and Steve nods, swallows down his hesitation.

He's about to duck into a fucking *closet* with the office hottie. There's almost nothing that could stop him from walking into the little dark room.

He's barely in the space when Billy follows him and closes them in, flipping Steve around before he pins his back to the door. What little light leaks in under the door illuminates the space, but not enough that Steve can actually *see* the man against him.

However, he can feel him. He can track every breath Billy makes as he closes in, brushes his mouth across Steve's cheek. Presses his lips to the corner of his mouth.

As his eyes slowly adjust, Steve is coaxed into a kiss, his body going loose with each caress of their mouths. Gradually the room comes into focus and Steve can see Billy's square jaw, neat curls and stupidly *handsome* face.

"Are you nervous?" Billy asks against his lips, teasing with the just

the tip of his tongue. Steve chases that mouth, catches it again in a wet kiss. Yeah, he *was* nervous. But *this*? Kissing with everything he's got? This, he's good at.

"Not anymore." He breathes, tangling his fingers in the lapels of Billy's jacket. His grip might leave wrinkles but neither of them are thinking about that. Not with their tongues tangling and their hushed moans mingling. Steve takes his time. He savors the feel of Billy against him, the taste of them together.

"Good." Billy murmurs. "Because I want you relaxed."

Then the guy *drops to his knees*.

And Steve is goddamn *floored*. He doesn't even dare to breathe for a few seconds as Billy unbuckles his belt, rucks his pants down with a quick tug.

The image in front of him is so fucking hot he can't fucking *think* and Billy is on a freaking *mission* with his boxers. Hell, he's sucking the skin at his waistband, getting Steve so riled he's arching his back and seeking out that pretty mouth and Billy is watching him.

Eyes up, blue and knowing. He's licking the flat plane of Steve's stomach and nuzzling his nose into the trail of hair from his belly button to his cock.

"*Fuck*, you're gorgeous." Steve manages to groan, absolutely hypnotized. Billy's skin is a warm honey next to his pale stomach and the contrast against his dark lashes is *ridiculous*. He's drowning in the image alone, let alone in the way Billy laughs and his breath brushes warm across his cock.

"Ditto." He purrs. Then he opens his mouth and sucks at the head of Steve's hard cock through his underwear, momentarily stopping the earth on its axis.

Steve has to tear his eyes away to keep from whimpering. He looks up at the ceiling, wishes like hell they were in his apartment or something so they didn't have to keep quiet because *damn* he really wants to moan. He wants to fill a room with the sounds that bubble

up in his throat.

Billy hasn't even taken off his underwear and Steve has to reach down, squeeze the base of his cock to keep from coming too soon.

"Oh yeah?" The guy asks, and Steve chances a look down. Billy's working his own fly, sneaking his hand into his pants. "You wanna come already?"

Steve shakes his head.

"No." He manages to wheeze. "No, I want *you*."

Billy grins as his dick appears in hand, pink and shining in his fist. Steve licks his lips subconsciously, wondering if maybe he'll get to repay the favor someday. If this is a one time thing, he'll be disappointed. But it's *definitely* not going to stop him from getting -- what promises to be -- one hell of a blowjob.

Billy bites his bottom lip and his hand starts to move on his own shaft, revealing more of his pretty dick. It's substantial, large by many standards. Except *Steve's* of course. He's big. He's really big.

Big enough that he's been downright *turned down* by partners. Men and women too afraid of being fucked by him and, well, too intimidated to try and suck him. But Billy doesn't seem to be either. Billy is eager, leaning forward to lick a long stripe on Steve's straining cock.

It makes him groan. Not enough to make him come but enough to make him *want* so badly he's dizzy. Wet and hot, Billy's mouth is sinful through his cotton briefs. He sucks and licks and breathes and Steve squirms, cards his fingers in the neat, short curls on Billy's head.

And the guy *moans*. Pumps his hand faster.

"You want my mouth?" He asks, like he doesn't already know the answer. And Steve gulps down fresh air, nods stupidly. Because there's no way he can come up with actual words. Billy is too sexy.

It's a miracle he can *stand*.

“God, yes.” He sounds pretty *needy* but he doesn’t really care. Not when there’s a stunning man on his knees in front of him, asking him if he wants to have his cock *sucked*. “I’m not above fucking begging.”

Billy grins, kisses his thigh.

“No need to beg.” Slipping his fingers into the waistband, Billy slowly drags his briefs down and Steve sighs when his cock is released. It bobs heavy, filling out steadily at his hips. “Damn.” Billy whispers before he rocks forward, mouthing at the base of his shaft. “I knew you would be hung, sweetheart, but *goddamn*.” He presses a soft kiss against his hip, his fingers winding around Steve’s cock. “You’re long and you’re thick.”

That makes him *throb*. And Billy knows what he’s doing too, Steve can tell. He’s beautiful, and sinful. And has Steve completely at his mercy.

“And this head.” Billy breathes, leaning forward before he *licks* at the tip of Steve’s dick.

He gasps, reaching for anything. His hands tangle in all the golden hair around Billy’s head and Steve can’t *believe* he’s here. Getting the best head of his life in a supply closet.

“You’re so fat, baby, I’m gonna choke on you.”

And it’s pretty damn obvious Steve *likes* that imagery because precome wells at his head, drips down onto Billy’s waiting tongue. He nearly sobs, biting his bottom lip to try and keep his shit together.

“You gonna fuck my throat ‘til I gag?”

Uh, fuck yeah he is. Steve all but pants, “*Jesus*,” before he groans, “you’re such a tease.”

Billy goddamn *beams* and then suddenly he’s not teasing anymore. No, suddenly Steve is biting on his own fist to keep from *screaming* because Billy is swallowing him down.

He immediately chokes on Steve’s length, eyes watering as he pulls back, stroking hard and fast when he comes off the tip. Steve can’t

help it, goddamn it. He whines, like a bitch, thrusting his hips out because the *heat* and suction had felt like heaven and he wants more. So much more.

“Fuck yeah.” Billy whispers before he takes him down once, twice, and a third time before he gags again. Pulls off with a string of drool connecting his lips to Steve’s cock. “God you’re a *meal*, Harrington.” Then he goes back to stuffing his face like he’s starving.

Steve could die happy in that moment. Dick out, shirt untucked and shoved up his belly, pants around his thighs. He’s debauched and his dick is dripping but it’s absolute perfection.

Billy strokes him aggressively between his attempts at taking all of Steve’s cock into his throat, each time making further progress than the last. He’s *persistent*, moaning on his dick like he loves it and *damn* Steve’s pretty sure he *does*. He can see where the guy’s cock is leaking into his fist, making a mess on his hand.

Billy’s technique is solid, punctuated with little sucks and licks when Steve’s cock goes a little numb from overstimulation, his nerves drunk on the sensations of wet and slide. It’s like Billy knows when he needs pampering, needs to be kissed instead of swallowed.

And he always keeps eye contact. Even in those spare moments where Steve cups Billy’s face and his lids droop in pleasure, he’s always watching. Less pornographic and more intimate, it makes Steve tremble.

Not to say that he isn’t *obscene*. Billy puts some of the best porn Steve’s ever *seen* to shame with the way he opens his mouth, pulls on Steve’s hips to encourage him to *thrust*. It’s almost so unbelievable that Steve hesitates. He barely moves until Billy *sinks* his nails into the tender backs of his thighs and Steve jerks forward in surprise, burying himself so far that Billy gags and moans before Steve eases back, lets him breathe. Stares down at watering, blue eyes.

Only to have Billy pull on him again, start him on a steady rhythm.

“Jesus.” Steve praises him, carding his fingers through silky curls. “You’re *fucking* incredible.”

He figures maybe he owes him a fruit basket after this. A few thousand edible arrangements. He'd marry the him if he asked. Give him anything he owned if he would just get him off like this. Filthy and fucking *glorious*.

Turns out, it takes a lot longer than he'd figured. He's sort of proud he manages to hold out. His balls are tight and his shaft is singing when he feels the tingling fire settle under his skin, burn in his veins. He gasps, caresses Billy's damp cheek with a hand as he whispers, "I'm coming. Don't stop."

And he doesn't. Billy buries him deep and Steve's knees buckle until he's sagging into the door at his back, shooting his load down Billy's throat. He whimpers like a teenager, already so oversensitive, his hips bucking when Billy wiggles his tongue and starts to pull back.

"Oh my god." He breathes. "Wow."

Billy pops off his head with a messy smile, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and winks.

"Right back 'atcha big guy."

It's only then that Steve sees that Billy is still rubbing his cock, his cheeks and neck turning pink with arousal. His fist is moving fast, like he's close. Like sucking Steve off had gotten him nearly there.

Without thinking, Steve taps Billy's cheek, draws his attention.

"I want it." He murmurs and then he's kneeling down, getting on the floor with his pants around his knees. His dick still out and softening, he reaches for Billy's cock. "I want to taste you."

Billy makes a sound somewhere between agreement and agony and pushes himself to his feet, keeps his hand moving over his slick shaft. The other hand cups Steve's jaw, lifts his face.

"You want my load?" He asks gently, like he's not about to come on Steve's goddamn *tongue*. "Is that what you want?"

"In my mouth." Steve whines, shuffling closer, mouth open and greedy the way he *knows* looks good -- it looks fucking *slutty* but hot

all the same.

“Shit.” Billy jerks faster, thighs shaking as he moves a little closer. “Let me see those eyes.”

And Steve knows what he’s talking about, he’s been called Bambi since he was five. But after watching Billy stare up at him with his mouth full of cock, he knows why he wants *this* too. He wants to see Steve looking back at him when he comes. Wants to *connect* to him.

So he blinks up, sticks out his tongue just a little, and the tip brushes over the Billy’s head.

Billy doesn’t curse. He doesn’t growl or grunt. He makes a sighing sort of sound and presses down on Steve’s chin as thick ropes of come spurt from his cock. And Steve moans, leans into it to catch every drop because he’s hungry for it. Thirsty for the bitter, salty taste of him.

And, also, he really doesn’t want to have to explain a come stain on his shirt.

Billy pets him affectionately, sweetly, then helps Steve to his feet. Pulls him into his arms with little effort to take his mouth in a deep kiss. One that rips the breath right out of Steve’s lungs. It feels like he spends hours in Billy’s arms, drowning in the taste of himself, of Billy, of *each other*.

“That,” Steve groans as he catches his breath, “was fun.”

Billy’s laugh is warm against his cheek, trailing down his jaw.

“Yeah, it was.” He breathes. “It really was.”

“Maybe we could do it again?” Steve asks, his heart beating fast in his ribs. He *wants* to see him again. Like, a lot. “Maybe after dinner?”

There’s a laugh against his neck, then a soft kiss, before Billy pulls away.

“You trying to woo me into bed, sweetheart?”

This time, Steve is the one that laughs. Because, yeah, he's basically pulling out all the stops to get into Billy's pants. To get his hands on him again, his mouth on him again. Really, *anything*.

But he's also pretty damn sure he wants to see Billy again after that. And, maybe again after that?

Shit.

"I'm kind of trying to ask you on a *date*." Steve says softly, almost embarrassed as he pulls up his pants and tucks himself in. Billy plants a hand on the door beside Steve's head, leans in close enough that heat bleeds through his clothes, tingling on Steve's skin.

"You're pretty when you blush." Billy presses a kiss to Steve's cheek. Then grins a predator's grin. "Fair warning, I'm not a cheap date."

"Good." Steve smirks. "Neither am I."

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

There's something about management and their inane need to sit in meetings and talk about things until everyone has their chance to talk. It makes Billy a little crazy; he's always been more of a doer and less of a talker. He doesn't mind a meeting, when it's *productive*. But sitting in a room with a bunch of windbags has a way of making his skin feel too tight on his body.

And then he'd gotten that text before lunch.

Which, yeah okay maybe he feels a bit more antsy than usual because his blood is still red hot in his veins. Part of his high blood pressure might be the result of, well, *being in a meeting* when he'd plucked his phone carelessly off the conference room table and swiped the thing open.

Like, thank god most of the men at the table are freaking *nearsighted* and couldn't see that Billy had opened a message to a picture of a dick.

A dick that made his mouth run dry in an instant.

Freaking *Steve Harrington's* dick.

Notes for the Chapter:

i promised smut in exchange for fandom help and participation. this is me making good on that promise. enjoy!

"Have you *seen* his ass though?"

Breanna from marketing is the *actual* loudest person on the planet. Steve's pretty sure there's scientific evidence. Like, studies by universities.

She's just that *goddamn* annoying.

What's worse is she's about as subtle as a flying brick. Because everyone and their deaf aunt knows *who* she's talking about.

"Honey, who *doesn't* see that ass? You'd have to be blind."

At least Peggy has the decency to try and lower her voice while she gossips. Not like fucking *Breanna* .

Steve wants to pull the fire alarm every freaking day because of her bullshit. Mostly because her bullshit really impedes on *his* bullshit. Namely.

Well.

They're talking about *Billy* .

And like, yeah, he and Billy went out for drinks a couple nights ago and maybe they made out like savages in a booth at a fucking dive until last call. But still, it's only been smiles and little teasing glances ever since and Steve can't help but feel like he's, old news.

"He came in all cheerful this morning. I wonder what lucky girl gets to have *that* between her legs all night long." Breanna all but *shouts* from her seat. Squeak squeak *squeaking* as she rocks against it.

This is a recipe for homicide if he ever saw one.

But really, he's just *jealous* . Sitting in his cube, wondering what he did to make the guy who'd all but *attacked* him a couple weeks ago suddenly drop him like old lunch meat.

Been there, done that.

Steve really didn't think it was like that. It'd been totally impulsive and superficial and *okay* he'd gotten his rocks off *plenty* . But he'd *actually* been stupid enough to think that the guy like, *liked* him.

Certainly liked his dick, the way he went to Jesus, falling on his knees to get at Steve's cock. One thing is for *goddamn* certain. Breanna has Billy's preferences all wrong.

Which, judging by the state of her typo-riddled emails, he's not fucking surprised.

She's a huge moron.

But so is he, so. He's not one to judge. He's two weeks away from starting his academy training and he's still *working* here when he doesn't *need* this job. Really, he just doesn't want to lose the excuse to see Billy every day.

Which is just *lame* as fuck.

Yet here he is, sitting at his desk, listening to two middle aged idiots gossip about the hottest guy in the office when he could be *fucking* the hottest guy in the office.

And like, it suddenly just dawns on him.

He *could* be fucking Billy and he's just *sitting* there. So he gets out his phone, messes with the idea of sending Billy a text. Something sexy, or maybe funny?

Then he figures, he doesn't *need* this stupid job, right? Why beat it around the bush.

Taking a cursory glance around the room, he ensures no one is looking, because he's an *idiot* but he's not trying to get caught. And when there's no one, not even dumb Breanna, looking his way, he unzips his pants silently.

Pulls out his cock.

Snaps a photo. And hits send.

There's something about management and their inane need to sit in meetings and talk about things until everyone has their chance to talk. It makes Billy a little crazy; he's always been more of a doer and less of a talker. He doesn't mind a meeting, when it's *productive*. But sitting in a room with a bunch of windbags has a way of making his

skin feel too *tight* on his body.

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A dick that made his mouth run dry in an instant.

Freaking *Steve Harrington's* dick.

It wasn't even hard and it's too big for his palm, the tip running a solid few inches out of his hand. And Billy had wanted to groan -- still wants to from just *remembering* -- because he recognized the hideous shade of grey-green carpet at Steve's feet.

Like, the asshole is two floors away, taking a picture of his cock just to send to Billy in the middle of the goddamn day.

At his *desk* .

After that, something about having to sit through a meeting feels like pulling off his skin. By the time two rolls around, he's got half a mind to stroll right into Steve's cube and rip down his pants, have him in his mouth without so much as a hello.

But that isn't why Harrington sent him a nude in the middle of the day. He's pretty sure this is Steve's very *unsubtle* way of getting Billy into the sack.

And, honestly, he thought the guy would never ask.

Three hours later, Billy still hasn't responded. And Steve wants to crawl under his desk to *die* .

He's halfway through a spreadsheet from hell, his mind fortunately distracted for the first time all day when a voice booms out from behind him.

"Harrington."

Steve practically throws his pen across the room as his thoughts are crashed, his chair tipping back too far as he jolts at his desk.

He's lucky he doesn't land on his back, right at Billy's feet.

The guy grins like he caught him doing something naughty, which isn't so far from the truth. He probably shouldn't be pulling out his dick and taking *pictures* in the middle of the day. And even though it's been *hours* , his face lights up with shame.

"Yes, sir." He says on instinct, standing up from his chair and flattening his dumb tie to his shirt. Billy's eyes track him like a predator and he probably notices the nervous shake to his hands. One eyebrow raises.

"I've been in meetings all day. Can you catch me up on the morning numbers?"

And like, that was the *last* thing Steve expected for him to ask but he's totally *willing* to do it. He nods emphatically, rummages through the pile of papers on his desk.

"Yeah, uh, they're here somewhere—"

"No time. Grab what you need and meet me. Carl's sick and I have a meeting across town."

Steve's not even sure who the fuck *Carl* is, but the story seems to track. At least, from the way no one seems to be interested or listening in, he figures it hasn't raised any flags. No one's clued into the fact that there very well might not *be* a Carl in their department and Billy's just named his dick.

Which, wouldn't make much sense given the context.

"Uh, yeah." He manages to stammer. "Sure. Um—"

"I'll text you the address. Be there in thirty?"

And, well, he doesn't really have a chance to say *no* because Billy steps away, smirking like he knows the answer. Smirking like he knows there's nothing in the world that would keep Steve from getting his shit together in thirty minutes.

He doesn't usually do the whole, bringing men back to his place thing. Billy is more of a hotel or *your* place sort of guy. He's not even opposed to screwing in the backseat of his sizeable SUV. There's plenty of room for a fast fuck.

But that isn't what Billy has in mind.

No, he texts Steve his home address, because this isn't something he wants to do slowly. He doesn't want one and done. Never really *did* with Steve, but then again he hadn't really known how to get the guy into bed without risking that he wouldn't be interested.

For years, he's managed to avoid that. Since college, casual has been his methodology. There's no chance for hurt feelings if there aren't feelings to begin with, no chance of messy if there isn't a mess.

Casual keeps him clear of complications, like risking his job in order to get his dick wet.

Or it *did*, before he went and broke all of his own rules.

Since he's crossed that bridge, so to speak, Billy wants to take Steve home. He wants to be taken apart by a massive dick and soft lips and the truth is, he hasn't had decent sex in so long, he can't remember the last time he'd been *excited* to get laid.

His mouth is practically watering when he gets home, blitzing

through a routine. Freshens up and checks his reflection in the mirror a hundred times before there's a knock on the door.

Billy would swear he was fourteen again. His dick is already hard in his pants before he even gets the door open. He tries to let the guy in without losing his cool. Tries to be goddamn *normal* and not so needy when Steve steps inside.

"Hi." He sounds stupid, even to himself. But Steve doesn't seem to mind. The guy smiles, a little color pinking his cheeks.

"Hi."

And then Billy gives up, and gets his hands on him.

Their chemistry is incredible. And Billy is worse than incredible, he's perfect. And he's all over him the second they're inside his surprisingly *modest* apartment, hands pulling at Steve's shirt to get it out of the waist of his pants. Steve gasps when warm palms are on his bare stomach, grasping at his skin.

Billy is on *fire*. So hot to the touch that Steve wonders if he's sick, maybe running a fever, but then again Steve feels like he's a flame. Burning burning *burning* under the attention of Billy's kiss.

"Christ, I want you to fuck me." The guy groans out into Steve's mouth, biting his plush bottom lip before his hooded eyes meet Steve's stare. "Please tell me you're—"

"I'm *totally* down." Steve mutters before he's licking passed Billy's teeth.

Those scalding hands are on his waist, pushing him back until his knees bump against something soft and Billy's sends him toppling back with a shove, landing on the sofa with a muted grunt.

Like, he wasn't anticipating fucking *right* there, but hell if he's going to argue. He splits his legs wide to let Billy between them, hands at

his belt in a heartbeat. Billy kisses his throat, moans when Steve gets his pants open and rucks them down his hips, boxer briefs black and tight against his throbbing cock.

“Mmmm, I missed your dick.” Billy says with a little laugh before he bends at the waist to nuzzle directly against Steve’s groin. For a second, the world is gone except for the two of them. Just Steve with his pants around his knees and Billy Hargrove, kissing his dick through his briefs. He gets a hand into all the golden curls on the guy’s head, moans as Billy mouths roughly at him, hard enough Steve can *feel* the damp of his tongue through the cotton.

“My dick missed you too.” He teases in a rush, his exhale is ragged when Billy looks up at him, eyes smoldering.

“That right?” Billy growls. “Want me to blow you?” Steve groans, his cock kicking hard in his underwear and Billy grins, feral and hungry. “Is that a yes?”

“Is that an actual *question* ? Yes. *Fuck* yes.”

“Good.” Billy digs his fingers into the waistband of his boxers, pulls as Steve kicks his pants to the floor. His boxers follow suit, flying somewhere unnoticed and his cock is freed for only a moment before Billy is humming and licking a stripe up the underside, staring up while Steve struggles to make any sort of graceful sound.

Then again, is there such a thing when dick sucking is involved?

In a moment, he couldn’t care any less how he sounds when Billy takes him into his mouth with one, sure movement. Clear into his throat, until he chokes and Steve smacks his head on the armrest from tipping back and falling flat. Billy only pauses for a moment, eyes laced with concern until Steve is lifting his hips, pushing further into his mouth -- like he *knows* the guy *wants* -- and then Billy’s moaning on him, gagging as he fucks Steve back into his throat.

The sound is wet and filthy and it fills the small, open-concept apartment in a way that makes it all seem so salacious and overwhelming. The *neighbors* can probably hear the way Billy’s deepthroating his cock, slurping spit off the tip.

Lapping at him like a treat.

"I ever tell you I used to daydream about you fucking me with this big dick?" Billy asks, stroking him with one hand, the slick sound lighting up Steve's senses.

Until he comprehends the words out of Billy's mouth and then he's squirming to keep from humping up into his hand like a dog.

"God, your *mouth* ." He mutters, then laughs when Billy wags his tongue. "I mean, you suck cock like a *fucking* champ but the way you *say* shit. *Damn* ."

"It's a gift." Billy winks. "On both counts."

Ducking his head, Billy mouths at the base of Steve's cock, sucks at his balls and lavishes his inner thighs with kisses. And while his hands work the length of Steve's shaft, Billy's other hand rubs over his stomach. His calves.

Steve isn't expecting is the swipe of a slippery thumb against his hole. He jumps, cock bobbing hard, and blue eyes dart up to Steve's face, lock on.

"This okay?"

Steve breathes hard, bites his bottom lip and nods.

"It's just...been a while." He murmurs.

Billy's gaze goes wide, ever so slightly, and Steve feels a blush fill his cheeks, burn the tips of his ears.

"Been awhile since someone touched you here?" Billy asks as he abandons his grip on Steve's cock to spread his cheeks and brush the edge of his thumb over the spot again, sending Steve's spine arching in delicious agony. "Or here?" Billy's face vanishes and Steve gasps loudly when his tongue traces the same line as his thumb, over the pucker of Steve's ass.

"Yes, there. Oh *god* ." Steve collapses back on the couch once again, legs shaking on strong shoulders. Grabbing hold of his cock, his fist

moves with greedy pulls.

“When was the last time someone rimmed you?” Billy breathes against his hole, which urges Steve’s thighs wider. Billy’s tongue flicks out, teases as Steve whines.

“ *Years* .” He admits all too easily. He’s been blown more recently, *sure* . But being *rimmed* and having his cock sucked are two different things entirely. Especially when he’d more recently been engaged to a woman.

A woman who’s idea of kinky was some spanking and dirty talk.

No, Nancy wouldn’t have touched his ass in a thousand years. And he was never going to *ask* with someone like her, someone that doe-eyed and sweet. Even though that’s what he’d *wanted* , more than once. What he’d *craved* .

Billy’s stopped by the time Steve realizes he’s drifted away on his thoughts. He instinctively curls inwards, retreating, until two big hands grab him by the thighs, pull him closer.

“Let me fix that.” Billy says with a soft rumble.

And then he spears his tongue into Steve’s ass. It’s a gentle sort of invasion, but Billy’s force is firm. He pushes passed muscle, wiggles inside Steve’s body despite the resistance. With wet pushes of his tongue, Billy licks at Steve’s hole like it’s dessert. Laves at it, sucks and spits. Steve’s cock leaks copiously against his stomach as he widens his legs once again, feels Billy *spreading* him open.

He’s so hard he could come like that, on his back with his legs open wide like a slut, and he doesn’t fucking care.

Not when it feels this *good* .

“Billy, *god* .” His fist is flying, moving so fast he knows he’s not far. One more minute and he’d shatter, hard and devastating, all over himself.

But he forces himself to stop, presses his palm to the back of the sofa with a sob. Billy doesn’t miss how his cock kicks impatiently, a heavy

tear of come leaking from his head.

“Fuck, that’s sexy.” The guy groans, kissing his thigh noisily. “I want you so *goddamn* bad.”

“Then get up here.” Steve pants and reaches for that devious face between his thighs. When Billy crawls up his body, catching his mouth in a hard kiss, he lowers his hips and *grinds* against Steve’s bare cock.

Moans rip out of both their mouths, his dick is definitely leaving a mess on Billy black pants but neither of them give a shit, too lost to the sensation of their bodies writhing together, chasing the friction they both need.

Steve’s a greedy bastard though, he wants more.

Sliding one hand down Billy’s back, he grabs hold of one half of his ass, pulling Billy down harder into his groin.

The soft curse against his lips only encourages him. With two fingers he prods at the spot between Billy’s cheeks, rubbing viciously where he knows the guy is sensitive.

And for a minute, that’s all they need. Steve’s cock against Billy’s fly and his fingers pressing hard against his hole and the two of them sloppily kissing, panting their delight into each other’s mouths.

“Fuck, let me see you.” Steve grunts when he’s too close, too *needy* and Billy is quick to comply, leaning back to tear off his shirt, probably ripping off several buttons in the process. But Steve doesn’t *care* . He’d ruin the guy’s whole wardrobe to get at his body. Because his *body* is something to behold.

Like, he knew Billy was going to be *fit as fuck* but the rippling abdomen underneath his straight-laced office shirt makes Steve *leak* . He’s the epitome of sexy and he’s stripping over Steve’s lap, tearing at his belt like he’ll die if he doesn’t get naked soon enough.

“Holy shit.” Steve hears himself whisper as he reaches out to touch, to *grope* , at the inches of cut muscles and smooth skin. Billy is unblemished and goddamn *perfect* , his hips flexing as his belt comes

loose and he throws it, the thing clattering against a wall.

Thick fingers pull open his fly in seconds and Steve instinctively reaches for his cock, wrapping his hand around the base of Billy's shaft.

The groan of delight from the guy's lips eggs him on, has him sitting up and catching Billy's mouth in a kiss as he strokes him, memorizes the heat of him in his hands. He wants to etch every second into his mind, lock away the images for a time when he needs to remember he's fucked a freaking *god* .

It's been a long while since he's been with someone, in any sense, let alone someone he wants like this.

Steve ducks his head to suck on the tip of Billy's cock and moans when the guy gasps, shoves his hands into Steve hair to *pull* at the roots.

"God, that feels good." Billy praises him in a husky voice, humping just a little into Steve's *face* . He does his best not to choke because, well, it's been a good bit since he's really *done* this. And Billy is decently endowed.

Not as long as *he* is, but thick as *hell* around the middle. He'd feel Billy for days after a good roll in the sack, that's for sure. But Billy's dick is prettier, pink and perfectly formed, straight like some kind of picture-perfect ideal out of a sex shop. Steve sucks on his head, runs his tongue around the crown until Billy hisses, pulls away.

"You're gonna make me come way too fast." He laughs softly. "Not that I'm *complaining* —"

"I want to be in you when that happens." Steve finishes with a grin, biting his bottom lip when Billy's cheeks turn red, a throaty exhale tumbling from his lips. Lips that Steve leans up to kiss, once.

Maybe twice.

"Condom." Billy breathes.

And then there's a mad scramble for their pants. Billy gets up for just

a moment, his heat vanishing as Steve yanks a condom from his wallet. Holds it up like it's made of *gold*.

Billy waves a bottle of lube when he reappears, circling to stand in front of Steve on the couch, completely bare and on display.

"Heads or tails?" Steve asks, flipping the condom in the air until Billy snatches it, leans in close enough that Steve can feel his breath across his face.

"Heads."

Then Billy lowers himself on the couch, straddling Steve's lap while ripping the foil packet with his teeth.

And Steve, well. He needs to just get his *hands* on him. On Billy's big thighs and round ass. On the dick bouncing heavy between his hips. He runs his hands over sinful abs and the muscle flexes beneath the surface, reacting to his touch.

As he pets the sensitive spot above Billy's cock, he stares at miles of tantalizing skin before him and wonders if he'll ever get a chance to worship every inch. But then Billy bringing any further thought process to a grinding halt when he grips him firm and rolls the condom on Steve's cock.

There's no chance in hell he's going to last and Steve *knows* it. Know it the moment Billy drips wets his own hand to stroke Steve, then himself, before reaching back and pressing a finger into his own hole. Opening himself up, right there, on Steve's lap while he just *watches*.

"God *damn* ." He murmurs, so awestruck, so *drunk* on the display above him. Billy grins, his tongue in his teeth, as he slips a second finger alongside the first.

The broken moan out of his mouth is *beautiful* .

"Yeah?" Billy breathes, rocking back while his fingers punch in to the knuckle, scissoring them wide. Steve grunts, leans forward to lick at one of Billy's tight nipples. It's impossible to watch and not touch, to hear the sound of slick lube and Billy's moans without writhing on the couch, sucking a pebbled nipple into his mouth. He relishes the

way Billy arches against him, both pushing into his mouth and pulling away. Like it's just too much of a good thing.

Borderline maddening.

"Fuck me." Billy pants. "God, Steve *fuck me*."

There's no need for him to actually *repeat* the request because Steve's got his cock to Billy's hole before he finishes asking *once* .

Then it's only a matter of like, *alignment* , and Steve is tossing his head back. Billy is incredibly tight, *insanely* tight, to the point where he knows he should be concerned but he can't *think* period. Not when the heat around his cock feels like a custom glove. Vacuum sealed. Perfectly fit to take him.

He doesn't push, doesn't dare *move* .

If he thrusts, he'll come and that would be pretty fucking embarrassing.

Not that he couldn't keep *going* . He's so horny he could fuck Billy three times before he needed a break. There's *steel* in his veins. But Billy is making him molten.

"You're huge." Billy pants against his mouth, kissing him sloppy as he lowers his weight and more of Steve vanishes from sight. "You're gonna fuck the come right out of me."

His cock goddamn *kicks* and Steve knows Billy feels it, can see it on the guy's face when he grins, mouth open wide and breathing hard.

"You really have a way with words." Steve manages to tease, palming the flexing muscles in Billy's waist. His hips. Holding him steady, they merge. So slow. Terribly, *terribly* slow.

Billy's weight settles on Steve's lap and a breath stutters out of him, heavy from his lips, and Steve licks into his mouth, passed his teeth. He's had sex with a man before but this like, a drug. There's nothing but his heartbeat inside Billy, on his tongue, in his neck.

His first thrust is like a test, a toe in the water, and it sends sparks up

his spine like an exposed wire. Billy bites at Steve's bottom lip, groans.

Then those sinful hips roll and Steve has to dig his nails into Billy's thighs to hold on. *This* is fucking. The sway of Billy's body and the glide of forward and back. There's no preamble, just pure greed. From both of them. Steve pulls Billy down while Billy rocks back up. And, like, he's *heard* of power bottoms but when Billy starts to slam his hips down, Steve feels like he's the one getting fucked.

His cries, his *pleads* , are ripped out of his throat when Billy moves, taking his pleasure and giving it back tenfold. Reaching for anything to hold onto, he settles for jerking Billy's cock to the same rhythm as his thrusts.

It's good, it's *wickedly* good, so he's a little blindsided by his orgasm when it licks up his shaft and shoots hot and wet into the condom.

Steve fucks him three times, *three* , before he needs to recharge.

Like, it's one thing to have great sex. But three times? Steve fucked him on his back, on his side, bent over the sofa. It was stunning.

And Billy, well, he's already picking out bathroom towel sets and china. His limbs feel loose, liquid as Steve struts back out to the living room naked, a grin on his face.

"You okay?" He asks, like he doesn't already *know* that Billy is more than okay.

The whole room smells like sex and Billy's pretty sure he won't walk right for a week.

He's not really one for love at first sight. But love at first fuck, or love at third fuck, is beginning to look more and more like a thing.

"I'm..." Billy tries to think of a word as Steve stands there, looking at him. The guy has a way of devouring him like a meal with just his

eyes, big and dark and *hungry* . “I’m pretty sure I blacked out at least once.” He grins when Steve blushes, before slowly straddling him on the sofa.

It’s easy, reaching up and pulling Steve in for a kiss. Like riding a bike. His lips taste like them. Warm and soft against his own. Billy likes how Steve fits in his arms.

“Now I definitely owe you dinner.” Billy eventually purrs against his mouth. Steve’s hugged so close against him, he can feel it when the guy laughs.

“Three courses, at least.”

“Funny guy.” Billy snorts, giving one round cheek of Steve’s ass a slap. To his credit, Steve doesn’t shy away but pulls closer and kisses him deep until Billy needs to surface for air. The man is going to *kill* him. “Seriously though, when can I take you out?”

“I’m free tonight.” Steve says with a smirk. “Some guy from work let me go home early.”

“Sounds like a nice dude.” Billy teases, chasing Steve’s kiss-red lips to nibble and catch one in his teeth.

For a second, Steve pulls back and stares at him, eyes sparkling.

“You know I don’t need this job.” He says quietly. “I’m starting at the police academy in a few weeks.”

And Billy’s heart skips a little in his chest.

“Oh.” He doesn’t want to own up to the way his stomach suddenly hurts. Like he’s been kicked in the gut. “So you’re, leaving.”

Steve cocks his head, puts his weight on Billy’s shoulders as he leans forward to press a small kiss to his lips. It feels something close to intimate and *too much* . Billy can’t help that his instinct is to pull away.

But when he does, Steve looks lost.

A little taken aback.

“I have to quit soon, yeah. But.” He gives a little shrug. “I hung around because I wanted to see you and thought maybe if I walked by your desk enough you would....” Billy’s mouth is a little dry when he catches Steve’s face turning pink at the cheeks, fanning out to his neck. “Then this morning Breanna was talking about your ass and....” He shrugs again. But Billy knows the rest of the story.

“You snuck a picture of your cock so I’d wake up and chase you.” He finishes. When Steve looks away, the tips of his ears turning bright red, he moves like he plans on *leaving* Billy’s lap.

But his firm grip on the guy’s ass keeps him from doing so.

“I’m sorry I waited.” The weird feeling in his stomach grows, crawls up to his chest.

And they’re just quiet for a minute, looking at each other. Billy knows what he wants to ask. Knows what needs to happen next.

It’s just a matter of *doing* it.

“I’d like to see you again.” He confesses. “And I’d like to take you to dinner.”

The smile on Steve’s face is *worth* the momentary fear beating in Billy’s chest. And the sinful kiss that the guy plants on his lips.

It’s worth a lot he figures.

Author's Note:

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